UNITY.

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

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EDITORIAL.

W. C. G.

Again the cricket waits for the Editor gone east; and again he is not responsible for anything that happens on it. The next paper will doubtless find him back to occupy it.

YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND TO-MORROW.

The old Transcendentalists are coming into honor: see "Notes from the Field." Before another generation passes by, certain other old verdicts will be reversed by the will of the people. Some of us will live to see the statue of Garrison in the National Capitol, and the statue of John Brown in a public square at Harper's Ferry; and perhaps Jan. 1, the Emancipation Day, supplant July 4, the Independence Day, as the great national Festival. Meanwhile, whom are we burning?

"Far in front the cross stands ready and the crackling fagots burn,
While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return
To glean up the scattered ashes into History's golden urn."

A WORKING GALLERY.

The Art-History Classes springing up in so many places nowadays need a special tool to study with, viz: a little *working gallery*, complete in itself, but capable of indefinite enlargement, illustrating the development of Painting. What is wanted is a set of photographs "from the original," containing a few carefully selected, characteristic examples of each of the greater masters from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century; the photographs to be numbered and grouped as well as can be to show lines of growth; and to be of "medium" size, that the set of 150 or 200 should not be away beyond the purchasing power of little classes; the selection to be made, or at least guaranteed, by some well-known authority in Art matters. Few classes can afford the beautiful "Braun" reproductions: something poorer and cheaper must be offered. The list now published by Soule, of Boston, contains much material of the right kind; but few can buy even all of this, and it is hard to select by titles, from the unseen material, what is best. If a man like Charles Eliot Norton or Charles Perkins would combine with a publisher like Soule, to create such a "working gallery" for Art-History classes, there would be money in it at *that* end, and education in it at *this* end, of the line. The UNITY CLUBS and kindred societies of the West would at once begin to lay up money to "go to Europe" in this stay-at-home way.

WESTERN ART SCHOOLS.

The "material" West, we say; before long we shall begin to say, the "artistic" West. First, the physical basis of civilization; then the æsthetic stage. The Art Schools in the big old cities, the Art Classes in the little new cities, show that we are passing from one stage to the other. Cincinnati with money in hand is hunting for the best site for a new Art Museum. In Chicago the Academy of Design has opened books for a $500,000 subscription with which to build an Art Gallery, Music Rooms and Opera House combined. The Chicago Art School, last year numbering about two hundred pupils, this year seeks larger quarters for its class in the Antique, and adds to its programme classes in pen-and-ink sketching, in copper-etching, and probably in clay-modelling. The St. Louis Art School has recently received a gift of $5,000 for the maintenance of its Life Class. The Elgin Art Association has lately held its fourth Annual Exhibition and arranged for class-work in Portrait, Landscape and China painting The Detroit Sketching Club, full of spirit, is ministering to a rapid growth of art-love in that city. In Minneapolis they are talking of an Art Association. In Milwaukee the Ladies' Class under Prof. Farrar's lead takes Architecture for its subject this winter, using his printed schedules and references,—which we hope the Professor will publish by and by, like the useful references already published on Sculpture and Painting, for the service of other classes than his own. The members of this class have been also aided by an art-loving photographer, W. H. Sherman, who furnishes illustrations at cheap rates in connection with the class-work. Similar art-history classes are springing up in other cities.

CHANNING AND PARKER MEMORIALS AGAIN.

Five thousand dollars left by a friend to help erect a statue of Theodore Parker in Boston, is the good word just come, which will be found in another column. A few years ago a statue of Channing was proposed. May the city once more look on both the Prophets in her public places! But the silent statue does not make the best memorial of the Prophet. The Building whence his word still issues as a living force makes his true monument,—comes the nearest to being *he*. And in this special case a Building may be made to have a grand significance beyond the personal commemoration. In writing what we did in the last UNITY about a "Channing *and* Parker Memorial,"—one Memorial, and not two, to signify the joined instead of the divided gratitude of Unitarians to their two leaders,—in writing so, we were not mad, but spoke the words of truth and soberness. That there are difficulties and objections in the way is plain; it is not plain that they are insuperable. Were such a union desired by the friends of each, the difficulties would vanish before earnest consultation.

Money never has come in sum sufficient to secure such a monument of either separately. But this double failure all may yet call happy, since it has prevented what would signalize division where there should be unity. We heartily sympathize with the brave band who have just been forced to yield to other hands their Hall that bore Parker's name. But even their loss may be his gain, if they will have it so; for the noblest monument to either leader would be the monument to both in union; and this, the noblest, may prove the easier to secure. Perhaps Channing's century had to fairly run its course before it could be hoped for: but now, how better mark the opening of his second century than by erecting that which, as long as it endures, shall symbolize the essential unity of the two wings of Unitarianism? The Unitarianism which for any reason is reluctant to avow that unity is *not* the Unitarianism of the spirit of Channing. No more is it the Unitarianism of Parker's spirit. Whoever and whatever joins the Channing and Parker elements of the body in openly acknowledged union will be held as blessed by the Liberals of nineteen hundred. It would make *both* parties better, the radical as well as the conservative and the conservative as well as the radical, to assert thus to each other and the world their central oneness. The courage of the act before a world that would surely cry, "I told you so," would be animating; the effort it might cost each party to cast away old prejudices and turn from the surface to the substance of their faith, would be spiritualizing. And perhaps no way to reach this happy end would be so graceful and effective as to simply join in one Memorial Building the two names — CHANNING, PARKER. Is our *courage* great enough? Are our prejudices *small* enough? If so, we almost think the money waits.

SOMETHING QUEER IN "BELIEFS."

A man will respect, honor, love another man whom he "believes" is going to roast in Hell forever. He will send to Congress a man whom he "believes" God will send to the outer darkness and the gnashing of teeth as soon as he catches him off the planet. A woman will accept for her dearest friend one from whom she "believes" she will be eternally separated whenever they shall cross the line between this world and the next. Man and woman will go with tears and jellies and truest, tenderest sympathy in look and tone and hand, to the sick-bed off which, as they "believe," the friend will toss into an abyss that lies beyond the sympathy of a just God and all good angels.

What does it show? This,—that the bond which actually binds man to man when men are at their best is unlike that which, according to the "belief," binds man to God; that life is tied to life on earth by cables of character, while life is tied to heaven by something very different; that human trust, love, reverence cross all the theologic limits, which, being God's limits to liking, *ought* to be man's as well; and further, that in this matter a man is morally helpless,—he cannot *help*, poor fellow! trusting his good neighbor and honoring the right life, separate though it be from the right thought. The scene at Dr. Chapin's funeral in New York suggests this helplessness,—he the arch-enemy and notorious confounder of the doctrines whose prime ministers came and stood there, helplessly honoring the man whom they "believed" God would eternally dishonor. "*Believed* God would dishonor?" No: we did not say that,—but they "believed" it.

What follows? This,—that either it was (or would have been but for their helplessness) a kind of Judas-treachery towards God in those ministers to stand there mourning,—or else they don't *believe* what they "believe."

"But it is bad taste to say these things,—instead of rejoicing at that funeral scene." We speak because we do rejoice in such scenes,—funerals at once of noble men and of ignoble superstitions; and we rejoice still more that nowadays it does not

take a good man's *funeral* to bring out earnest tributes to simple goodness from "believers." But we do not rejoice that these scenes are still so rare as to be *subject* for rejoicing and defense. Congratulations, but a challenge also, are in place. Yes, it *is* bad taste to speak of these things in this outspoken way: and what sort of taste is it, then, to "believe" in these things in the *not*-outspoken way? What is it to hold a creed which coldly, deliberately, analytically announces these beliefs? What is it to "believe" in such a way that you have to put the word into quotation-marks to show that you do not mean *believe* by it? The century which framed these creeds *believed* in them; the nineteenth century "believes" in them. It seems, then, that "belief" is *belief* gone to decay; and to even speak of the real thing is bad taste, while to worship its decaying relics is good taste. To say "Hell-fire forever; Damnably corrupt by birth; Elect infants,"—this is grim; but to kiss Lord Calvin's hand, now three hundred years a saint, in acquiescence to such sayings,—this is graceful, and the only graceful thing.

"True for substance of doctrine: a ripening, not decay?" Say you so? Dr. Chapin, honored, loved, deplored, and bound to heaven,—is that the substance and the ripening of the creed that, of ten men, nine—including, first of all, such enemies of the "belief" as he—are bound to Hell? Well, good friends,—is this also the substance and the ripening of your *truthfulness?*

Ah, for a time when *belief* and "belief" shall again be one! When strong, straight words shall be none too strong and straight to hold men's actual creeds! another age of faith,—but when the very *nakedness* of truth shall be itself the truth in its divinest *grace!* Better truthfulness than Truth ten thousand times. For whoso yields the first has lost the only weapon that can guard the last; while whoso guards his truthfulness, he, right or wrong in creed, is helping on the Truth.

CONTINENTAL SCHOOL-ROOMS AND CHURCHES.

(Some useful addresses to circulate.)

Continental school-rooms,—that is what the Press and the Post-office are able to erect in the land to-day, where two or three unselfish men or women with brains are gathered together in the name of education. We report two recent examples of such buildings, for the benefit of whom it may concern.

One, just opening, is the "Young Men's Society for Home Study," organized on the plan that has proved so successful for young women. A sort of sprinkled University. Most of the teachers sit in New England; the scholars sit by ones and twos in back streets of Atlantic cities, on prairie farms, by windows looking out on the Great Lakes or the Pacific; its recitations are conducted by correspondence; its text-books are lent by mail. Here is the chance for men and women who have their evenings to themselves, but have no money or youth with which to go to College. The programme for young men embraces courses in American and English History, English and German Literature, the Natural Sciences, and Mathematics. Such men as Samuel Eliot, Longfellow, Holmes, Prof. Rogers, Justin Winsor, are on the Advisory Committee,—and *Frederic Gardner, Jr., Cambridge, Mass.*, is the Secretary, who can be addressed for information. To join the similar Society for Young Women, apply to *Miss A. E. Ticknor, 9 Park St., Boston.*

Another of these new school-rooms is the "Society for Political Education." The American public school gives the embryo voter a smattering of almost everything except American citizenship. It is rare that a High School teaches even the primary elements of that,—those fundamental laws of government and nationality which correspond to gravitation and the rule of three, and underlie *both* the party platforms. This Society would instigate young men and women, therefore, to be their own school-masters in this study. David A. Wells, Horace White, Prof. Sumner of Yale, and Chas. Francis Adams, are among its sponsors. It proposes to issue tracts and reading-lists, and circulate best books upon its subjects at the cheapest rates. "Active membership," costing fifty cents a year, gives the tracts of the year, and "pledges one to read the books recommended by the Society for the official year, and included in its Library of Political Education." The four books for the first year are:

Nordhoff's "Political Economy for Young Americans." (200 pp.)
Johnson's "History of American Politics." (274 pp.)
Perry's "Introduction to Political Economy." (348 pp.)
McAdam's "Alphabet in Finance." (210 pp.)
Also, the Constitution of one's State.

These four books, costing $4.25 at usual rates, can be bought in a *set* for $3.00 of Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago, or of the Putnams in New York. To enter this School, write, if a Westerner, to *M. L. Scudder, Jr., 40 Portland Block, Chicago.*

Of "continental churches," which the Press and the Post-office are also erecting in our land, there are many that are Orthodox. We note three or four of the Liberal kind.

No less than three Unitarian ministers of Boston regularly print their Sunday sermon,—E. E. Hale, Jas. Freeman Clarke, and M. J. Savage. It is a test of the quality of one's average work that few preachers could stand so well as these. They represent three different kinds of Liberal preaching. Mr. Savage, being the youngest and most radical, is naturally the most doctrinal: he aims to show how modern Science re-spells in grander syllables than ever before the deep faiths of Religion. Go to him for easy popularizations of new theology and Bible-criticism. Dr. Clarke, the eldest of the three, is more nearly through with doctrine and closer to life,—the inner life: his sermons,—brushing by the intellect, sometimes vaguely but always suggestively,—reach for and to the heart. He is the most spiritually helpful of the three. Mr. Hale perhaps never fairly got *to* dogma in the theologic sense. One God or twenty,—it little matters. His one doctrine is that of the life-in common, co-operative helpfulness; his "four points" are the well-known "Wadsworth Mottoes." Go to him to be set to work unselfishly, to be told "how to do it"—or rather to be convinced you *must* do it somehow, or life isn't worth the living, and you will find out how. Which will you have? You can take your choice of the three at five cents a week, or have them together at fifteen cents.

Once a month, for eight months of the year, John W. Chadwick of Brooklyn also climbs the continental pulpit. He belongs more to the reading and artistic type of minister. His thought is a rather aggressive radicalism aglow with religious feeling. He is half-poet, half-parson. The sermon, lying a little remote from common life, perhaps, will come nearer to being literature than that which either of the others writes. And you pay six cents.

To engage Mr. Hale, Mr. Savage and Mr. Chadwick for your preacher, write *Geo. H. Ellis, 141 Franklin St., Boston.* $3.50 will bring the three together at subscription rates. For Dr. Clarke, write to the *Saturday Evening Gazette*, Boston.

Are there not a score of places in each Western State where an earnest man or woman, receiving regularly each week these sermons with their choice of style and subject, would find it easy to start a little Sunday circle in his home? Its pew-rent would cost nothing, because the minister would occupy the continental pulpit. Possibly out of it something that *would* cost pew-rent might grow. The preaching would probably be poorer, but to own a preacher-*man* might still be gain.

Only the soul hath power o'er itself.—*Lowell.*

Contributed Articles.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE!

BY WM. POTTS.

Christmas Carol, Music by Joseph Mosenthal.

Stars in the east are fading,
The morn beginning to beam,
White on the top of Hermon
The snow-drifts sparkle and gleam:
A new-born baby is lying
Its happy mother close by,
Bringing fresh life to bud and blossom,
Nobly to live and die.
Chorus.—Noblesse oblige! thus cometh, then,
Peace on the earth! good will to men!

Bright shines the morning sunlight
On village, mountain and vale,
Grave are the eyes that wander
Afar where cloud-shadows trail:
A youth is looking and longing,
But still he cannot tell why,—
Longing for something great and noble:
Nobly to live and die!
Chorus.—Noblesse oblige! we sing again,
Peace on the earth! good will to men!

Clouds in the sky have gathered,
The air is brooding and still;
Laden with grief and sorrow,
A man is climbing the hill;
Yet though the cross that he carries
May end that life with a sigh,
Gloriously he lived and conquered!
Now doth he nobly die!—*Chorus.*

Bring ye the pine and laurel,
The fruits and gifts and good cheer,
Light all your slender tapers
On this one day of the year;
O come with hearts overflowing,
Pour out to earth and the sky
Praise for the one who lived so nobly!
Noblesse oblige! for aye!—*Chorus.*

OUR CHURCH FESTIVALS.

GERMANTOWN, Nov. 16.

MY DEAR: I have been thinking, lately, about the matter of our church festivals: and I will give you a hasty sketch of what was in my mind.

1. CHRISTMAS.—Feast of Birth and Childhood: feast of Hope. In Nature, the turning forward of the Earth toward the Sun and Summer.
2. EASTER.—Feast of Youth: feast of Life, and looking forward to Life Beyond. In Nature, Spring's resurrection and Seed-time.
3. MIDSUMMER.—Feast of Manhood and Womanhood: feast of Beauty and Joy. In Nature, Flower-time and Warmth-time.
4. HARVEST.—Feast of Maturity: feast of Fruition, accomplishment; and Thanksgiving for fruits

of all kinds. In Nature, the Autumn-ripening and abundance.

These fill out the four Seasons of Nature and of Man. They connect themselves with existing Church Festivals—two of them, especially; but are evolutions into a higher and universal idea, soon leaving behind the present personal meaning of the Christian mythology.

Subsidiary ideas will naturally group around each: gifts with Christmas, etc. It is a great pity that the Church did not make Easter an *immovable* feast.

In these things,—orders for our Church Festivals, and the like,—we must work together, and feel our way onward tentatively.

As to the Gospel Christmas Story with the children: On my first Christmas here I told the children that they must read that story as poetry,—not something which really happened, but what somebody *imagined* did happen or might have happened, and which came to be half believed, and then believed,—just as in the stories they read now, which they do not think really happened, but yet which seem real to them. Things half-believed and *make-believed:* their imagining in their plays that they are Cæsar or Red Riding Hood, or red Indians; or the things girls invent and imagine about their dolls which they believe for the moment with their feelings, but which they know are not really true.

Yours,

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

LIBERTY IN UNITARIAN CHURCHES.

BY BROOKE HERFORD.

One of the Chicago religious newspapers, commenting upon the statement of the *Alliance* that Rev. G. C. Miln "goes to Unity Church entirely untrammelled as to the expression of his thought," denied that the Unitarian pulpit is any more free than that of other churches, and said that it was about time such a pretence was dropped, or words to that effect.

Let us look at this matter and see how the fact stands. Absolute freedom, of course, does not exist in human things. All co-operation, of any kind, involves *some* surrender of liberty, some sinking of one's own individuality. It is so in the home; it is so in the city; and to some extent it must be so, also, in the church. For a minister and people to work happily and usefully together, there must be a certain amount of agreement as to what they both mean, a certain unity of conviction and of aim. This kind of general agreement has to exist in a Unitarian church as in any other; and where the minister and the people in one of our churches find that they have somehow fallen hopelessly out of this necessary concord, they will have to part. As a fact entering into the conditions under which this concord has to exist, these churches of ours have grown up with certain ideas pervading them; they grew up indeed out of the desire to uphold these ideas—believing them to be true. From the main lines of these, which have got us the general name of "Unitarian," I do not think there is any likelihood of our going back. That *God* is one Infinite Life—our Heavenly Father; that *Christ*, however divine we may hold his mission, is not a god to be worshipped, but a saviour to be loved and followed; that *man* is not so much fallen, as imperfect; that *Salvation* is not a mere policy of Insurance, but actual present growth in righteousness; and that Universal Salvation, if not a provable dogma, is a legitimate and irresistible hope,—we are not likely to go back from these great thoughts, for the thoughtful men of all churches are tending to them. So that our churches stand for them without hesitation or misgiving. And yet they do not bind themselves or one another to do so. Here comes in our freedom: even to these great thoughts we give no definite, binding shape. We do not put them in our Trust-deeds. We do not ask any member if he believes them, nor make any minister promise to preach them. As a matter of fact, here is about where we are—and we are here pretty strongly and unmistakably. But we leave it to every man to judge for himself whether he is enough in sympathy with us to come in among us. And so of the ministry. If a minister finds himself sufficiently in sympathy with our general spirit and working to feel that he can work freely and heartily among us—so be it. We ask no pledge of him; we put him through no examination; we only seek to know if his spirit and power are such as to make him a real helper of soul and conscience—and if it is so, we bid him welcome in God's name to any church that calls him. Surely this is about the largest possible freedom! It has absolutely *no* artificial limitations—no creed, or test, or council or church-court. Its limitations are only those natural limitations which arise in the very nature of religious co-operation, viz: that his freedom be used reverently toward religion, and considerately toward his people and his brethren.

If this freedom is only the same as a minister enjoys in other churches, I am heartily glad of it! But my impression is that almost all other churches have not only these natural and inevitable limitations arising from the need of some harmony in all common working, but have artificial limitations of formal statements, examinations and promises as well I am afraid there is a pretty wide truth in the reply of a good Episcopal brother who was asked "if his church allowed more freedom than it used to do." "Why, no!" he replied; "the church doesn't allow more, but the clergy take more!"

RELIGION IN BY-WAYS OF THE WORLD.

PEDRO THE ARTIST.

H. M. E.

The Senora Helena Garcia de Mosquero had been restored to life by the padre Nicolas Iturizaga, and Nor Pedro, the vaquero at the hacienda, had commemorated the miracle upon canvas, and his painting had been hanged up in the padre's church. Here were two miracles, the first being the restora-

tion of the Senora to life, the second the execution of the memorial painting by Nor Pedro, whose sole attempts at works of art, up to that time, had been confined to whitewashing the adobe walls of the Casa Mosquero. To the simple country people about there, the first of these miracles was as nothing when compared with the second.

It seemed that the Senora had mounted her jackass, and had ridden off towards the village church, to tell her beads at the shrine of her patron saint, and that the jackass, instigated, no doubt, by the devil, had dumped her into a wayside ditch, and she had been killed upon the spot. It was very fortunate for the Senora that the padre happened by at the time, and it was very fortunate for her that Saint Francisco had a moment's leisure to devote to her: for the padre raised her from the ditch, and the saint, acting through the medium of the priest, restored her at once to life. How long was the Senora's life extinct? We regret to say that upon this point the authorities did not agree. According to the Senora herself, the period might have ranged from an hour to two weeks. If the peons and vaqueros who witnessed the disaster from a distance, and who would tell the story with great gusto an hundred times each day upon the threshing-ground of the hacienda, were not guilty of a degree of mendacity of which we believe those simple sons of toil incapable, the period might have ranged from a few seconds to possibly five minutes. But what matters the length of time? The Senora herself, the padre, the peons, and the vaqueros all united in saying that she was dead, and Nor Pedro had commemorated the fact of her restoration in his painting that had been hanged up in the church, and hard by the shrine of Saint Francisco. It was the most extraordinary thing that had ever happened in the South of Chili.

We had ridden up from the sea-port, ten miles away, for the purpose of seeing that memorial painting, and for the purpose, if possible, of adding the priest and the artist to our list of curiosities. Nicolas Iturizaga conducted us into the church; and it was with a childish pleasure that the swarthy priest, a product of the loves of the Spaniard and of the Indian of Arancania, showed us the painting the fame of which had gone up and down the land. But what shall we say of it? It was too wretchedly absurd to excite even a feeling of compassion for the blind faith that had hanged it up there as the votive offering of a grateful heart. Evidently Nor Pedro had filched a bit of ship's canvas from some store-house down at the port, and the few colors that entered into his composition had been purloined from some paint-shop in the village. It represented, in the rudest of all daubs, a priest, a woman, and a jackass, the priest raising the woman from the ditch, and the jackass standing near and biting at a thistle. As we were looking at the picture, Nor Pedro came in from a neighboring pulperia (for he had fallen into sad, idle habits of drinking, like many better men who cannot stand prosperity), and a motley crowd of his admirers trooped at his heels. Nor Pedro was a dusky, black-eyed, clever, dirty little man, draped in rags, whose heart evidently swelled within him when he looked upon the shrine and noted the prominence that had been given to the fruit of his genius. "It is ver good, Senores," he remarked in an ecstasy, and in his jargon of Spanish and English. "It is ver good, por diabolo! Ze saint, por Dios, he do appear to me in ze night—" But at that point the padre stopped him; for perhaps, when in his cups, Nor Pedro might tell the tale too often, and to this day we have never been able to learn the story of the apparition that appeared to Nor Pedro in the stable loft at the hacienda Mosquero, and led him to steal his paints and the square yard of No. 1 ship's canvas, and to build up that reputation of a man of genius that had made his name famous all along that stretch of coast.

When we left the village, Nor Pedro, the padre Nicolas Iturizaga, and a dozen ragged peons, stood upon the broad marble steps of the old Jewish church, watching us as we rode away through the fields of Alfalfa, and down by the dykes and ditches that lead towards the shore. The night was coming down upon the river and upon the sea, but a tender glow yet rested upon all the noble range of coast, and the Cordilleras flashed their silver shields in the far east. Pedro the artist waved his tattered sombrero as we rode away, and we could hear his voice losing itself in the distance,—"It was ver good, O Senores! Por Dios, it was mucho bueno. Ze saint, he do appear to me, to me, Nor Pedro, Senores, in ze night." The serious man of the party, who had done nothing but curse the pace of his mule and the bad fit of his saddle, as we rode up the coast, he who had seen nothing of the waving fields of Alfalfa and the reapers singing at their work by the wayside, he who always looked upon a star as a mere convenience for tracking a ship across the sea, remarked that the more we travelled the greater fools we became. The trifler who rode by the serious man's side, and who was at peace both with mule and saddle, asked him why he should come at all; to which the serious man, with many allusions more or less profane to the cause of his discomfort, replied that he supposed he had come because the hire of his mule was only a shilling.

SPECTACLES.—"Among cottagers there seems to exist a superstition that the use of spectacles gives an air of respectability, if not of piety, to the wearer. An open Bible with a pair of spectacles laid across it is supposed to be conclusive evidence of the sanctity of the owner. A person may be most parsonic in his bearing and appearance, but his parsonification is intensely parsonified by the addition of spectacles. He has no sooner put them on his nose than he seems at once to have sprung from one to forty-parson power. His views may have been sound before, but he looks much sounder when he has put on his spectacles. His influence is also much increased by this addition, for a creature all black cloth and gleaming spectacles is a formidable object, especially to children. There is a way of eyeing small boys through spectacles which is very awe-inspiring. Even looking over spectacles has been known to alarm people before now."—*Saturday Review.*

THE LIBERAL PREACHERS OF ENGLAND OUT OF THE PULPIT.

VIII.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

N. P. GILMAN.

Matthew Arnold, the chief apostle of modern culture, is notable among the Liberal Preachers of England out of the pulpit as a poet, as a critic, and as an interpreter of the Bible. He began his literary career by publishing an anonymous volume of poems in 1851, at the age of twenty-nine. "The Strayed Reveller," with its minor companions, was cordially welcomed by the critics of the *Westminster Review* and other high authorities in letters. It was followed, two years later, by the strong but insufficient "Empedocles on Etna." In 1854, the writer's name was first prefixed to "Poems," mainly a selection from the two preceding volumes. From that time Arnold has been a favorite of those who relish intellectual poetry, characterized by deep thoughtfulness and largely occupied with the problems that perplex an introspective age. He often broods with a quiet intensity upon what he calls "this strange disease of modern life, with its sick hurry, its divided aims, its heads o'ertaxed, its palsied hearts." Its dominant tone is a fine and lofty melancholy, relieved by a moral and spiritual earnestness which keeps him from mere morbidness.

> "The poet, to whose mighty heart
> Heaven doth a quicker pulse impart,
> Subdues that energy to scan
> Not his own course, but that of man.
> Before him he sees life unroll,
> A placid and continuous whole—
> That general life, which does not cease,
> Whose secret is not joy, but peace;
> The life he craves! if not in vain
> Fate gave, what chance shall not control,
> His sad lucidity of soul."

The last line marks the poet's own estimate of himself—"sad lucidity of soul" is in all his work; hence his audience has been chiefly made up of the thoughtful who often recognize with Lowell that "thought is tonic and leaves a bitter savor in the brain." He belongs with Browning, Lowell, Clough and Emerson, not with such household favorites as Longfellow and Whittier. Very far is he, indeed, from "the fleshly school" of Swinburne, with its sensual matter and its unmeasured waste of words. The bride of "that son of Italy who tried to blow, ere Dante came, the trump of sacred song," attending a public festival, was crushed to death by a falling platform; her shuddering friends found beneath her gay apparel a robe of sackcloth:

> "Such, poets, is your bride, the Muse! young, gay,
> Radiant, adorned outside; a hidden ground
> Of thought and of austerity within."

The chaste austerity of Greek poetry was Arnold's early inspiration. Under its influence his style was formed, and in the effort to reproduce in his "Merope," a tragedy after the antique (1858), the simple Greek forms of composition, his great mistake as an artist was made. But an enduring, and to those who can appreciate it, a captivating grace of style is in all his poems, a grace arising from directness, simplicity, elevation and calm self-restraint. "Toil" of the sensitive intellect, "unsevered from tranquility," is his unfailing note. It marks the long poems "Sohrab and Rustum" (the most successful composition of modern times in the Homeric manner) and "Balder Dead." The exquisite finish and the unwailing pathos of these two early productions have made them classic. But the externality of thought and the beauty of rhythm, which attain their highest point in Arnold's poetry in such poems as "The Neckan" and "The Forsaken Merman" are not always found; the thoughts are generally those which disturb a lofty, refined, delicate, subtle intellect, and the gift of sustained melodious song is not among its powers.

Matthew Arnold has never been a popular poet; his audience is likely to remain fit and few. But with the increase in number of those who appreciate the beauty of calmness of soul and the power of restrained intensity of thought, his admirers, his lovers, will multiply. They are not a very few even now, we trust, who have found consolation and inspiration in his lines, weighty with anxious thought and keen emotion, but never vehement, never fiery. Though for more than a dozen years Arnold has virtually ceased to sing, we will echo his declaration, fitting it to his own silence—

> "Though the Muse be gone away,
> Though she move not earth to day,
> Souls erewhile who caught her word,
> Ah! still harp on what they heard."

It must, indeed, be long before we are likely to hear a voice more potent to move the trained but perplexed modern mind than that which in these poems calls upon us to "rally the good in the depths of thyself," to

> "Resolve to be thyself, and know that he
> Who finds himself, loses his misery!"

to remember that

> "Tasks in hours of insight will'd
> Can be through hours of gloom fulfill'd,"

and—

> "That an impulse from the distance
> Of our deepest, best existence,
> To the words, 'Hope, Light, Persistence,'
> Strongly sets and truly burns."

Full of the highest inspiration are the later sonnets entitled "Worldly Place,"—

> "Even in a palace life may be led well!
> The aids to noble life are all within."

"East London,"—

> "O human soul! as long as thou canst so
> Set up a mark of everlasting light
> Above the howling senses' ebb and flow,
> To cheer thee and to right thee if thou roam—
> Not with lost toil thou labourest through the night!
> Thou mak'st the heaven thou hop'st indeed thy home."

"The Divinity"—

> "Wisdom and Goodness, they are god! what schools
> Have yet so much as heard this simpler lore?"

and "Monica's Last Prayer"—

"Creeds pass, rites change, no altar standeth whole;
Yet we her memory, as she prayed, will keep;
Keep by this: *Life in God and union there!*"

"Of pureness, of kindness," (to use an apostolic expression which Arnold effectively applies in his criticism of Milton), of honesty and sincerity, of intellectual refinement and nobility, and of chaste sublimity of spirit, Arnold's poems are powerful teachers. He who can realize a tenth part of their pure beauty and calm force may know that he is not far from the kingdom of poetry, and that if he persevere to understand them well, his own rank will be high among the citizens of that kingdom, the gospel of which is forever Freedom, Truth and Love.*

About Matthew Arnold's rank as a critic of literature there can be no dispute, whatever be the degree of estimation set upon his poetry. By general confession he is the very first of English critics. We need only to compare him with so powerful a mind as Lowell's to realize the soleness of his standing among English writers. And now that Sainte-Beuve no longer speaks to us, Edmond Scherer alone of foreign authors can be admitted to rival him. Arnold the critic has supplanted Arnold the poet. Though we may regret the loss of many possible poetic strains, it is hard to think that he has made a mistake when we remember the wonderful essays which have supplied their place. The "Essays in Criticism," the "Study of Celtic Literature" (not so well known as it ought to be, for it contains an admirable estimate of the Celtic genius), and the "Mixed Essays" (abominable title!) contain the finest body of literary judgments in our language. His method as a critic is exceedingly simple—to report honestly and calmly the impression made by the work in hand upon a mind of keen poetic insight and cosmopolitan culture. He has an extreme, if not a slightly affected, distaste for logic and logical processes. "I have never been able to hit it off happily with the logicians, and it would be mere affectation in me to give myself the airs of doing so. They imagine truth something to be proved: I, something to be seen; they something to be manufactured: I, as something to be found. I have a profound respect for intuition, and a very lukewarm respect for the elaborate machine-work of my friends the logicians." Truth in life and literature he would arrive at by the poet's way of insight. "To try and approach Truth on one side after another, not to strive or cry, not to persist in pressing forward, on any one side, with violence and self-will—it is only thus, it seems to me, that mortals may hope to gain any vision of the mysterious Goddess, whom we shall never see except in outline, but only thus even in outline."

But if criticism is thus largely an intuitive matter, which Arnold will not submit to encumber with a complex apparatus of terms and rules, it is, morally, a difficult art—nothing less than the "disinterested endeavor to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world," regarding "Europe as being, for intellectual and spiritual purposes, one great confederation, bound to a joint action, and working to a common result, and whose members have, for their proper outfit, a knowledge of Greek, Roman, and Eastern antiquity, and of one another." Breadth of view and honesty of report are thus two pre-requisites of proper criticism. By his fulness of culture Arnold has freed himself from the usual limitations of the English mind, its eccentricity, its doggedness, its heaviness, its provinciality. Against these mental vices he never wearies in his warfare. The advocate of obedience to the literary conscience, of the mind's free play upon all subjects, of lightness of movement, and of cosmopolitan justice, is shown whatever his theme, be it Heine or Homer, Spinoza or Marcus Aurelius. Because he finds more of these un-English virtues in France it is, that he so often turns thither to illustrate his subject. For "the French as a people have shown more accessibility to ideas than any other people: prescription and routine have had less hold upon them than upon any other people; they have shown most readiness to move and to alter at the bidding (real or supposed) of reason."

"*Philistine* must have originally meant a strong, dogged, unenlightened opponent of the chosen people, of the children of light." This nickname, of German birth, Arnold has taken up and made familiar to all readers of his essays. He blames this tendency of human nature relatively, indeed, not absolutely, leading as it does, at last, "up to science, up to the comprehension and interpretation of the world." But it is too popular to-day, and the English critic should check it as far as possible, and so restore the balance of complete humanity. Against the intellectual narrowness and bigotry, thus happily hit off in the biblical name of Philistine, Arnold opposes Culture; and this Culture, which many have taken to be a new God of Mr. Arnold's devising, is simply "to know the best that has been thought and said in the world." All need it,—the poor and the rich alike, and any man might have it for himself, if he would spend his time (that time which Goethe says is "endlessly long") aright. Culture results in a "harmonious perfection, in which the characters of beauty and intelligence are both present, which unites the two noblest of things, *sweetness and light*." It is no mere varnish; without character it is, no doubt, frivolous, vain and weak; "but character without culture is something vain, blind and dangerous." Not fire and strength, then, but sweetness and light and a "belief in right reason and in a firm, intel-

*One of Arnold's poems, rarely quoted, I would like to draw attention to. It is the "Epilogue to Lessing's Laocoon," a masterly statement in verse of the limits of painting and music, and of the supremacy of poetry over both. Arnold's perfect control of the octosyllabic metre, his power of subtle reasoning in verse, and his height of thought are nowhere better shown. A very important point in reading all his poems is to bear in mind their chronological order, for it is also a spiritual order, of ascending development. An acute article in the *Contemporary Review* for 1874, by Henry P. Hewlett, traces this development in such a way as to correct more than one false impression likely to be made by the mistake Mr. Arnold has committed in arranging his poems by their subjects and not by their dates. Another review, which one knows must be good though he has not seen it, is in R. H. Hutton's Essays.

ligible law of things," such as distinguished the ancient Athenians, are most needed now. Philistinism pervades the great middle-class of England, according to the critic, and America is full of it, full of a "narrow conception of man's spiritual range and of his one thing needful." Finding its manifestations in any place, in literature, in society, in religion, Arnold has for it but little mercy. If he sometimes fails to make due qualifications, and pronounces too sweeping judgments upon whole classes or whole nations, it is not hard to make the needed correction for one's self, while it would be hard to find another writer of the day whose influence more directly tends to release us from the fearful bondage of *was uns alle bandigt, das Gemeine.* The chief apostle of Culture may himself be lacking in sweetness and in light when treating of the Puritans or the Dissenters, but who, as he, has taught us to shake off the slavery of the commonplace?

It is no narrow, selfish end that he has in mind, for while "Culture looks beyond machinery, hates hatred, and has one great passion, the passion for sweetness and light, it has one even yet greater!—the passion for making them *prevail.* It is not satisfied till we *all* come to a perfect man: it knows that the sweetness and light of the few must be imperfect until the raw and unkindled masses of humanity are touched with sweetness and light: we must have a broad basis, must have sweetness and light for as many as possible. Culture does not try to teach down to the level of the inferior classes; it does not try to win them for this or that sect of its own, with ready-made judgments and watchwords. It seeks to do away with classes and sects; to make the best that has been thought and known in the world current everywhere; to make all men live in an atmosphere of sweetness and light, where they may use ideas as it uses them itself, freely—nourished and not bound by them. This is the social idea: and the men of culture are the true apostles of equality."* "Civilization is the humanization of man in society, and the powers which, upon the basis of the instinct of expansion, contribute to build up human civilization, are conduct, science, beauty, manners."

* "Culture and Anarchy," unfortunately not reprinted in this country, contains the best statement of Arnold's ideas on Society and Politics, and the fullest setting forth of his most characteristic doctrine. "Friendship's Garland" is a lighter work, of slender texture. "Mixed Essays" contains, besides the strictly critical essays, two excellent papers on Democracy and Equality. An admirable anthology has lately appeared from the press of MacMillan, called "Passages from the Prose Writings of Matthew Arnold." The selections, well made and arranged, supply in some degree the place of the works not reprinted here. The introductions to the Selected Poems of Wordsworth and to Ward's English Poets show Arnold at his best as a critic of poetry. No better estimates of Wordsworth, Chaucer and Burns have been made.

(*To be continued.*)

It is easier to detect error than to discover truth; the one lies on the surface and can be easily discovered; the other lies hidden deeply, and few are able to find it.—*Goethe.*

NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

MARGARET FULLER.—The heirs of John Mix have given an island of ten acres in Rock River, Illinois, where an annual festival in memory of Margaret Fuller, and for the people, is to be held.

SCOTLAND.—At the request of 557 officers and members of the Free Church in Glasgow, Prof. W. Robertson Smith, the now famous orthodox heretic, is to deliver a course of twelve lectures in that city and in Edinboro on the "Present State of Biblical Criticism." A great many of his congregation will sit in America, eager for every word. There is nothing more liberalizing than the church-trial of a man who knows.

A STRONG WEAKNESS.—A writer in the *N. W. Christian Advocate* (Methodist), after a very eulogistic notice of Dr. Chapin remarks that "as a preacher he had one element of weakness, * * he was a restorationist. His was the gospel of eternal hope, of that the people took advantage. * * Hell is an immense energy." Perhaps so. Why then this resistless gravitation of all pulpits away from the eternal despair toward the doctrine of the eternal hope?

"GOOD TIDINGS" is the new name of the *Church and School* published at Meadville, now representing the Meadville and the Buffalo parishes,—a neat, twelve-page little paper. Bros. Cutter and Bixby do the editorial work; price $1 per annum. Amateur journalism is the besetting temptation of the Unitarian minister. As one of the sufferers, we can testify that it is, on the whole, a harmless malady, and it always results in an increase of wisdom and a wider hearing to the message entrusted to our keeping. Brethren, spread abroad the *Good Tidings.*

MAGAZINE INDEXES.—Somebody in Bangor, Me., has been surveying and mapping the lost worlds of old Magazines. A stack of old *Harper's* without a general index is but a stack of *Harper's;* with a general index it is library and picture-gallery. This oriental—he deserves a better name than "Down-Easter"—has already indexed the *Atlantic*, the *Nation*, the *International Review*, and is at work on *Lippincott's* and *Scribner's;* and also has in manuscript, waiting for enough subscribers at $3.00 each, an index to articles contained in the best collections of essays, English, French and German.

TOPEKA, KAS.—S. W. Davis, of this place, has also yielded to the dangerous infatuation of the type and has started a paper—*The Religious Evolutionist*, a monthly, for a dollar a year. It is not a very big paper, nor yet a very handsome one, but it is earnest and evidently anxious to make its introductory sentence the keynote, not only of its own little solo but of the anthem to be chanted by the many, "Righteousness is the key that unlocks the gates of Heaven." Our apprehension for the brother's purse makes our appreciation of his courage all the more hearty. Success to him!

IN THE SOUTH.—It looks, at last, as though the Unitarians were determined to test the hospitality of the Southern mind. Rev. Enoch Powell is prospecting at Atlanta. Bro. J. H. Heywood is soon to visit Richmond, Va., while Rev. A. D. Mayo has started on a three months' tour of investigation through the South in the interests of the best ally of the Liberal Church—viz: the public schools. We remember that "one swallow does not make a summer," here as else-

where, yet we believe that this is the small beginning of a great work. The thought of an oak compels profound respect for the acorn.

MADISON, WIS.—Rev. H. M. Simmons preached an able sermon to a large Madison congregation, a few weeks ago, on "What shall be done with Sunday?" He urged that the Madison Free Library ought to be kept open on Sunday, and at the meeting of the Board of Directors soon afterward a resolution was passed to that effect. The Library is now open every Sunday afternoon for reading. Mr. Simmons has also started a Contemporary Club in his church, and the young people are enthusiastically interested. Good for Mr. Simmons, and good for Madison! If the Unitarian society does not succeed, it will not be the fault of its pastor, who is using every effort to spread the truth and promote peace and good-will among his people.

THEODORE PARKER.—Part second of the second codicil to the will of the late Nathaniel Cushing Nash, of this city, reads as follows: "I give and bequeath to the city of Boston, or to any society or corporation therein for the erection of statues, if such there shall be, as my executors shall determine, five thousand dollars, to be used as a contribution to the erection of a statue of the late Theodore Parker, of said Boston."

The Boston Memorial Association has accepted the trust and calls upon the public interested in the varied services and memory of Theodore Parker, to aid in the object by contributions. It is designed to erect a statue costing from $10,000 to $12,000. Subscriptions to be sent to Henry H. Edes, Treasurer of the Association, 87 Milk St., Boston. The call, dated Jan. 5, 1881, is signed by the Executive Committee,—such men as Alex. H. Rice, Samuel A. Green, Fred. O. Prince, Wm. R. Ware, Chas. W. Slack.

UNIVERSALISM.—The spot where Universalism landed in America, almost by shipwreck, in the person of John Murray, is to have a church commemorative of the romance. The vessel containing Murray was all but driven ashore on the New Jersey coast in a fog. While waiting for the wind to change, the preacher landed to forage for provisions. It was the New Jersey wilderness,—and that in 1770. To his amazement he discovered a meeting-house in the woods, and met a tall old man who told him that that meeting-house was built for *him*, and had been waiting several years; that when the vessel came on shore, a voice was heard saying, "That vessel holds the man whom I have sent to preach to you!" And when Murray, a little nervous lest the ship should slip off and leave him in the woods, showed doubt, there came a thunder-clap of prophecy from the old man: "The wind will never change, sir, until you have delivered to us, in that meeting-house, a message from God!" Murray yielded, preached his message,—and the wind has been blowing that way ever since, blowing Universalism into all the creeds and churches of the land.

A MAGAZINE MISSION.—This from a friend in Jas. Freeman Clarke's church in Boston: "One of the special objects which our church-branch of the Women's Conference proposes to take up is the collection and distribution of good literature. valuable either from a Unitarian or a literary point of view. We mean to make our church a sort of depot to which people may send pamphlets and books or papers which they think ought to be of benefit somewhere, but which they do not know how to dispose of. And then we wish to enter into correspondence with some places—in the West, most probably—where a welcome may be found for this material after a judicious sorting and arrangement. Can you help us in this work of making the superfluity find the need? The two must be waiting for each other. Indeed, we know it, and only want to find the best way of communication. We cannot promise much until we see how the work will be received here, but in the meantime we wish suggestions from your end of the line." Hurrah! We believe that this plan, carefully organized and steadily persisted in, will prove another "Flower Misson," or "Country Week" success. Think of those beautiful pictures in *Scribner's* and *Harper's* going to the waste-basket! Think of *St. Nicholas* going *up* the chimney in smoke! Think of the *Registers* that only warm one family of "cold" Unitarians! Think of the *Nations* ruined before their time! Then think of the long winter evenings in the country where your magazines and papers would make a whole fireside of children merry; of the lonely prairie-farm, three miles from a neighbor, to whom *you* could send good society every month; of the many homes, in city and in country both, that could afford, and gladly would, to pay the postage for a belated monthly coming regularly, but who never can afford to "take" one. The superfluity and the need *are* waiting for each other. We will report again about this plan as soon as we hear more, and meanwhile will transmit any short and pat suggestions that may be sent in "from this end of the line."

BOSTON LETTER.—For the first time for a year, dear UNITY, your pages come to me with fresh matter. A paper is not very interesting to its editor. Mindful of the toils at the other end of the line, I contribute a note or two for your next. The weather is the conventional thing to begin a letter with. The cold out west has been reduced to its equivalent in snow here; everything is on runners.

The Boston boys are still petitioning for their right to coast on the Common, and this very week they have been before the Council making speeches very much as they used to in the school books, with very much the same results. Coasting is protected by the City Fathers, even though heads are bruised and bones broken daily, foot-bridges are thrown over the "best runs," and policemen are busy in answering the small boy's call of "C'l'r th' track." Boys with grey hairs are not infrequently seen coming down clinging to the more courageous youth who does the steering of his "double runners," and the accidents reported in the daily papers show that the victims range from 5 years old to 50.

The upper circles of Boston are just now agitated over the temperance question. First came the Governor's Message recommending that each municipality determine whether liquor shall be sold within its limits or not by popular vote, and while condemning the license system, yet demanding rigorous enforcement of the law, showing farther that 85 per cent. of the crime in Suffolk County (Boston) is traceable to the use of intoxicating liquors. Then Chancellor Crosby, of New York, came to give what he called a "Calm View of Temperance," in the Monday lecture course, pleading for moderate drinking *vs.* total abstinence, recommending the lighter drinks as an antidote to the heavier ones. Dr. Bartol carried the subject into the Chestnut Street (Radical) Club disclaiming partizanship, being, as he said, on no side of the question,—not even on his own side,—but in the main pleading against prohibitory legislations, and insinuating, if we understood him, that there was an age line, somewhere be-

yond the sparkling eye, the glowing cheek and the elastic step region where a little something was permissible. Drs. Gordon and Miner were prompt with their protest against such views, and the proverbial serenity of this Olympus became interesting with an ethical discussion. Finally the Methodist ministers called out Wendell Phillips to reply in a carefully written speech to Mr. Crosby's position, and he was followed by Gov. Long, who declared that total abstinence was the moral sentiment which must grow more and more. We can but feel that this discussion is timely in Boston. The sentiment of the higher classes on this subject is less vital here than in Chicago. Wine as a social decoration and pledge of hospitality is met here much more often than there, and the ministers are numerous who practically incline more to Paul's advice to Timothy than to his counsel to the Corinthians: "Wherefore if meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world stands, lest I make my brother to offend."

Boston, for the first time, presents itself to us as a city of great activity. It is anything but a go-easy town in winter. Here, the principle of co-operation is carried into the higher needs of life to an extent unparalleled: clubs, reading circles and unions of numberless characters are constantly presenting themselves. By this means, the women are especially skillful in doing great work for themselves and others utilizing the afternoons for work, which, in the West is too largely delegated to the evening. Prof Thaxter interprets Browning to a circle in one parlor at two, Mrs. Wells reads a paper under the auspices of the Moral Education Society at three, at four the Committee on Industrial Education, or for the aid of girls who are taking college courses, meet, and at five we are invited to lunch with the Woman's Club, and so the days go around, enabling women to carry their active studies beyond the marriage line, demonstrating the possibility of a woman's being public-spirited and at the same time domestic—a care-taker both in the community and in the home. The evenings are perhaps equally monopolized with masculine and church activities. This much-clubbed city demonstrates the dangers and limitations as well as the advantages of Club life of which we may speak at some other time.

We came with special objects in hand and have been glad to find that Boston has not been begged poor. On every hand are the indications that wealth here means substance and not shadows. It is accumulation and not enterprise or energy. The Unitarians of Boston have but one opinion about the Ann Arbor Church and that opinion is being expressed in the most substantial way. We found ready listeners to several other little schemes which secures willing hands here. If those in the West who are committed to the same cause give as willingly and as freely of their sympathy and aid, the readers of UNITY will in due time be made glad from the above-mentioned schemes. In the interest of these schemes we must cease writing that we may hasten from this blessed Boston in Mass. to the more blessed Boston in the West, for New England was creamed in order to give to the West its guardians and prophets of the Liberal Faith. When we are once more on what our yoke-fellow calls the "editorial cricket" (a thing on wheels), we may have more to say of Boston. J. LL. J.

"Endurance is the crowning quality
And patience all the passion of great hearts."—*Lowell.*

THE STUDY TABLE.

THINGS ABOVE. A Sermon by E. E. Hale. Geo. H. Ellis, Boston; pp. 10.

ON THE THRESHOLD. By T. T. Munger. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; $1.

BELIEF AND LIFE. A Sermon by John W. Chadwick. James Miller, New York; pp. 18.

THE ABOLITION OF PAUPERISM. A Sermon by E. E. Hale. Geo. H. Ellis, Boston; pp. 10.

CHRISTMAS DAY AND ALL THE YEAR. *Christian Register* Stories. Geo. H. Bllis, Boston; pp. 306; $1.

THE LORD'S PRAYER. Seven Homilies. By Washington Gladden. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; $1.

FAMILIAR TALKS ON ENGLISH LITERATURE. By Abby Sage Richardson. Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago; pp. 454; $2.

WOMANHOOD. Lectures on Woman's Work in the World. By R. Heber Newton. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; pp. 315; $1.

HOLLAND AND ITS PEOPLE. Edmondo De Amicis. Translation. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. pp. 408. From Jansen, McClurg & Co.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF GOETHE. By Herman Grimm; translated by Sarah H. Adams. Little, Brown & Co., Boston; pp. 559; $1.

HISTORY OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION TO THE YEAR TWO HUNDRED. By Charles B. Waite. C. V. Waite & Co., Chicago; pp. 455; $2.50.

WHAT MUST WE DO TO BE SAVED? A Lecture by Robert G. Ingersoll. The only authentic edition. C. P. Farrell, Washington, D. C.; pp. 89; 25 cts.

DOMESTIC PROBLEMS. Work and Culture in the Household, and the Schoolmaster's Trunk. By Mrs. A. M. Diaz. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston; pp. 236; $1.

TALKS ABOUT GOD. III. Agnosticism; or, Can we know God? IV. Is God Conscious, Personal, and Good? V. Why does God not Reveal Himself? Sermons by M. J. Savage, in *Unity Pulpit*, published weekly by G. H. Ellis, Boston. Single copies, 5 cts.; by the year, $1.50.

LITERARY NOTES.

James Freeman Clarke is about to appear as a novelist. A story with a theological import, from his pen, is going through the press of Lee & Shepard, entitled "Thomas Didymus."——George H. Ellis, of Boston, is soon to publish a volume of Stopford Brooke's sermons, under the title of "Faith and Fellowship."——"Hints for Home Reading," published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, is a helpful book which ought to be found in every home, for there is no home so poor or so busy in which a library may not grow, and where there may not be much reading for culture instead of reading for dissipation.——*The Pansy*, published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, appears in weekly, semi-monthly or monthly parts, for 50 cts., 25 cts., and 15 cts. respectively. Most of the writing is done in pictures, which are very good.——Prof. Tyndall says, "If any one can be said to have given the impulse to my mind, it is Emerson, whatever I have done the world owes to him."——Stopford Brooke has published a fairy drama, entitled "Riquet of Tuft." Heresy fertilizes genius. Reason in religion is hospitable to the poetry in the soul.

LUCRETIA MOTT. 1793—1880. A Memorial. Published by *Friends' Journal*, Philadelphia. pp. 64. $0.50.

We have here a neat pamphlet of over sixty pages, containing a brief sketch of the life of Lucretia Mott, and a photograph of her, taken quite recently. There is a full account of the services at her funeral, which were conducted after the manner of the Society of Friends, where short addresses, or we might call them testimonials were given by a number of her old friends and co-workers.

The Memorial contains short tributes of loving remembrance from John G. Whittier and others, each recalling some pleasant incident in her life. It includes also the article by Charles G. Ames, published in the *Register*, and the sermons of William H. Furness, D.D., and Robert Collyer, whose close friendship with her give their words a peculiar interest. While this will not take the place of the larger biography, which is promised by the family, it is a book well worth owning by those who admired this noble woman.

F. L. R.

PROGRESS AND POVERTY. By Henry George. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1881.

Those interested in social questions should by all means read this book. Though treating various topics of political economy, it especially aims to find the cause and cure of the poverty that remains, and perhaps grows, amid the world's increasing wealth. It would be hardly just to state its conclusion without the reasoning that leads to them. We will only say that its most important subject, its clear and forcible style, and its array of facts in illustration, make it a very valuable book. The *Popular Science Monthly* calls it "one of the most important contributions yet made to economic literature," and the press has generally recognized its significance. Though first published less than two years ago, it has reached its fourth American edition, while a London reprint is in progress and a German translation in print. To meet the popular want, Appleton & Co. in their fourth edition have reduced their price to $1 in cloth and 75 cents in paper, though a book of 512 pages of large type.

H. M. S.

HOME LIFE AND INFLUENCE. By W. G. Eliot. G. J. Jones & Co., St. Louis. 1880. pph.

The above is a little volume of essays just written, in the form of sermons, and delivered to the congregation of the "Church of the Messiah" in St. Louis, in the winter of 1852–3, at which time Dr. Eliot was pastor of this church. Naturally, after such a lapse of years, there is a good deal in these essays on "Home," "Duties," "Education," etc., that seems rather trite and uninteresting to the reader of to-day, though they contain many good and helpful suggestions, and are written in the most amiable tone and spirit. The author approaches his subject from the standpoint of the Christian philosopher and teacher, who believes that in Christianity woman finds alike her greatest comfort and opportunity. Dr. Eliot occupies middle ground between the conservatives who hold strictly to the old-time notions of woman's work and position, and the radical reformers who advocate all possible changes in her life and habits. The great power and influence of woman lies in the home-sphere and the social circle, to which, however, she should be careful to bring those higher graces and nobler attainments which are the fruits of a liberal culture combined with earnestness of purpose.

C. P. W.

MODERN SOCIETY. By Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. Roberts Bros., Boston.

"Modern Society" and "Changes in American Society,"—these two essays are now before us in a neat little volume. In the first essay, Mrs. Howe proposes to represent society rather than to philosophize concerning it. So she takes us first to Egypt, and we are invited to dine with her at a *table d'hote* in Cairo. Then into another company of people who chance to be passengers on board a Nile steamer. The incidents are entertaining enough; but a collection of individuals associated by chance, does not constitute society any more than a collection of facts constitutes history. These companies do, however, make manifest the great diversity in human types; and they are serviceable as evidence of what is here claimed, that "everything is everywhere." The problem of modern society she considers to be how to use its vast resources. What shall Europe do with the ideas? What will America do with the people? In our own country, from the worship of wealth and the mania for foreign travel, serious social questions arise. Upon this subject Mrs. Howe apparently experiences strong emotion, though exactly what is not quite clear. In her own words, "When I see an American of either sex caught in the vortex of European attraction, depolarized from natural relations, and charmed into alliance with feudal barbarism and ignorance, my heart rings the bell of alarm which is hung at the gates of Paradise."

About the changes in American society, Mrs. Howe writes with more accuracy and elegance of expression, as well as with more continuity and force. In her own time she has seen a great advance in the knowledge of hygienic laws. In religion she has seen the dark ministrations of terror give way to the radiant gospel of hope; its severe and barren forms illumined by the ministrations of art; its sphere enlarged to embrace a social domain by means of the social leagues which group themselves around the various churches. In public affairs she has seen a growing belief in pacific methods of settling international difficulties; the various peoples of the earth drawn nearer together by currents of belief and sympathy, and, most marked and least anticipated of all, a vast advance in the position of women. In the prevalence of luxury, Mrs. Howe beholds the most dangerous enemy of republican institutions; not every change can be counted as in itself for the better, and eternal vigilance is the price of progress.

A. B. M'M.

THE EXCHANGE TABLE.

DEFERRED.

(From the Free Religious Index.)

If thou should suffer wrong,
  Of fraud or falsehood at thy brother's hands,
The hidden root of thy revenge nurse long
  And patiently, until it flowering stands,—
High as the topmost heaven,
  Deep as the ocean, broad as flowing light,
Warm as the circling life which God hath given,
  To vibrate in thy veins and his. The might
Of justice on thy side
  Shall make thee bold; but keep thy vengeance set.
Strike not, while fleeting wealth and power and pride
  Make glad the world. Not yet, thy day, not yet.
Gaze on his fertile fields,
  His fair domains, his happy, smiling brood
Of little ones, and all that fortune yields
  To bless. Thine hour of triumph still holds good.

When storms shall sweep his roof,
  And fate shall blight his cattle or his grain,
When friends of fairer skies shall stand aloof,
  When Death shall thrill his darkened home with pain,
Go thou, and lift the load
  That weighs upon his burdened heart that day;
Set purse and script before him. What *he* owed
  To *thee* shall melt in Pity's glow away!
Then, lest his eyes bowed down
  Should lift, and find thee sudden, unaware,—
Haste thee. For thus thy brow shall bear the crown
  Reserved for holiest saints to win and wear.
Let him not know thy deed,—
  So shall it spread and blossom in thy soul:
Until thy life hath past from earthly need,
  Its growth and fragrance shall thy days control.

FLORENCE, MASS. H. T. C.

THE INDEX.—A wise resolution. "Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, of New York, who has been so munificent in her charities, says: 'I have given during the last sixteen years, for benevolent purposes, some $600,000. The most of this

has been used to encourage idleness, corruption and crime. I am now determined to assist God's worthy poor, who are willing and striving to do something to make mankind richer and better, morally, intellectually, scientifically, or mechanically.' "

THE CHRISTIAN REGISTER.—Mr. Chadwick, writing of "Brooklyn and Other Matters," says: "Sunday evening, Nov. 28, the Union for Christian Work in Brooklyn held its fourteenth annual meeting. * * * The work of the Union is fourfold. It includes a reading-room, with attendant opportunities for conversation and amusement, evening classes for boys, a sewing-school for girls, and an employment and relief bureau. The sewing-school for girls bore off the palm for great things accomplished at a small expense. Its expenses for the year were $57.80; and nearly one hundred girls, very regular in their attendance, were taught plain sewing by a corps of volunteer teachers. Pleading for the reading-room as a moral instrument, Mr. Foster told a story about the late Prof. Joseph Henry that would delight the heart of Samuel Smiles. One summer afternoon, when for some reason school didn't keep, in search of happiness he chased a mouse under a church-wall, and so found his way into the village library, in the basement of the church. There he found Gregory's "Letters to Young Men," and read into the dark. From this event he dated the beginning of his life as a philosopher; for the first paragraph, explaining the course of an arrow shot toward the zenith, arrested his attention, and was his introduction into the scientific world, which afterward he made so much his own."

FRIEND'S INTELLIGENCER publishes a discourse delivered in Philadelphia by Dr. Furness, in memory of Lucretia Mott: "Upon her long and saintly life," he said, "rested those immortal benedictions—the beatitudes. Blessed was her spirit, lowly in self-forgetfulness, for hers was the kingdom of heaven. In the love and trust that she inspired hers was more than a queenly authority. Husband and children had gone before her, and she mourned; but blessed was she when she mourned, for she was comforted. No funeral gloom darkened the day to her. All selfish sorrow was lost in the well-spring of consolation that overflowed her heart—her unfailing sympathy for all sufferers. Blessed was her benignant spirit, for the earth with all its springs of joy, all the beauty and glory of the natural world, were her inheritance. Hungering and thirsting after righteousness, blessed was she, for she was filled; content, merciful, she obtained ceaseless tokens of the Divine mercy; pure-hearted, she was blessed with the ever-present, all-inspiring vision of the infinite goodness of God. Having ever close to her heart the cause of peace among men and nations, blessed was she, a child of God."

—"'The Lord is thy keeper,' but not thy jailer. His keeping is not confinement; it is protection. When you commit your ways to him he does not abridge your liberty; he only defends you against the evil."

—"Whoever looks for a friend without imperfections will never find what he seeks. We love ourselves with all our faults, and we ought to love our friends in like manner."

THE INDEPENDENT.—Mrs. Mary Clemmer, in her occasional letter to this paper, very strongly opposes the proposition to make life-senators of our ex-Presidents. "An inhabitant of Washington who has dispassionately studied the effect of political office on the human mind may be pardoned for smiling with scorn over any letter offered by any man, no matter how distinguished, advocating a 'life-senatorship to be provided by the Constitution for all ex-Presidents.' * * * Human nature is simply human nature, in Washington as elsewhere, and, like all other human nature, is modified by the special conditions of life in which it moves and has its being. The one compensation for the restlessness and turmoil engendered by the constant rotation of governmental power from individual to individual, is that it makes impossible in a republic the arrogance of inherited place, the insufferable caste of inherited power. The personal assumption of the official class in the United States can scarcely be exceeded by the aristocracy of monarchical Europe. But constant rotation in office compels such assumption to be perpetually personal and perpetually evanescent. The man and woman who to-day demand social and political precedence because of official power, to-morrow take their place with unofficial people and are compelled to behold the *baton* of their own lost prerogatives waving in new hands, which in their turn must lay it down for the ones that come after them in the ever-changing, ever-advancing procession of the people of the Republic.

"It is the great nature only, be it man or woman, who lays down the scepter with the smile of peace born of the manhood, the womanhood that, resting on no fictitious thing, abides in the integrity, the purity, the honor that no office can exalt and no misfortune destroy. * * * It is the most striking phenomena of Washington life, the unwillingness, the apparent inability of men who have held office at the Capital, and of women who have shared their honors, to go back to the comparative obscurity and privacy of their former homes. * * * And now it is proposed to make a perpetual chief of this inglorious and unfortunate class out of every ex-President of the United States. How puerile and ridiculous seems the chief reason why this should be done, given by the Governor of New Hampshire:

"'We cannot afford, as a great nation, to see our ex-Presidents *go to the County Farm* or to want for anything to make them happy or comfortable.'

"The common-sense view of that is, that, with the limited expenses of the White House, the man who lives in it but four years, on fifty or even twenty-five thousand dollars a year, and who on leaving it was in danger of the poor-house, would deserve to go there. But the real truth is that no President ever left the White House unprovided with the means of subsistence for a long life-time. How much wiser are the words of the Governor of Iowa:

"When Cincinnatus laid down his dictatorship, he returned to his plow. When Mr. Jefferson ceased to be President, he returned to his farm."

BOSTON SATURDAY EVENING GAZETTE publishes a sermon of James Freeman Clarke's on "The True Cross of Christ," from the text, "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of Christ, by which the world is crucified to me, and I to the world." "It was a bold thing for Paul to say that he would glory in the Cross of Christ, for the cross, in those days, was the mark of infamy. * * * To take for your master one who had been crucified required, then, more courage than it would require now to take for your master one who had been hung. If some teacher of truth should be hung on the gallows, and his followers should take the gallows as their chosen emblem, put it on the top of their churches, wear it around their necks as an ornament, until at last it should become the sign no more of shame, but of

glory and triumph, it would illustrate, to some small extent, how the progress of Christianity has glorified the Cross of its Master.

"But when Paul spoke of glorying in the Cross of Christ, it was not the wooden cross of Calvary alone to which he referred. It was the moral cross; it was the principle and idea of the cross. And so, when Jesus says that if a man would follow him he must take up his cross, he also meant something more than the cross of wood and the death of torture. Let us, therefore, ask what *is* meant by this Cross of Christ in the larger and deeper sense—this cross which every follower of Christ must bear, following his Master? What is it to believe in the Cross?

"The Cross of Christ, many would say, is self-denial. Jesus says we must deny ourselves and take up the cross; and, accordingly, many think that self-denial for its own sake is an important religious duty. Holy men have sought to become more holy by denying all their common, human desires; by living alone; by living on poor food; badly clothed; sleeping on the ground, and spending their time in the repetition of pater-nosters. This sort of self-denial, this crucifixion of the flesh with its desires, certainly shows force of character, and increases it. Considered as a kind of moral gymnastics, such practices are often useful; but self-denial alone is not the Cross of Christ, for it is found in equal degrees in all other religions. * * * Meantime, Jesus and his apostles neither practised nor commanded this kind of self-denial. The Son of Man came eating and drinking, and they said he was a gluttonous man and a wine-bibber.

"It is not, therefore, any kind of self-denial, but an especial kind of self-denial, which constitutes the Cross of Christ. It is to take up the same cross which Christ bore in life, and not merely that on which he was laid to die. For while his body suffered at his death, his soul suffered during the whole of his life. His self-denial was not merely that of bodily pleasure and ease, but, what is more difficult, the denial of the higher desires and of the appetites of the soul. It was to follow truth when it led him away from earthly sympathy and human companionship. It was to renounce the love of the world out of love to it. It was to stand apart from men in his thoughts and convictions; to be in the world, and not of the world. It was to be faithful to the inner light in his heart; faithful to the voice of God within, and to utter that voice for the sake of others. It was to live near to God in the sight of his truth, and in obedience to it, and near to man in the utterance of that truth for human needs. This spiritual cross, therefore, which Christ carried during his life was, like the wooden cross, made of two pieces—of truth and of love. The upright piece, pointing toward the skies, was truth—fidelity to God's voice in the soul; a fidelity which lifted him above the world, and made him, necessarily, its critic, censor and judge; a fidelity which made him obnoxious to the pride and passion and belief and interest of those around him, and which necessarily deprived him of their sympathy and made him alone in the world. And the horizontal piece, on which the arms were extended east and west, as though embracing all mankind, was love. It was living for others, living for the world which renounced him; not despairing of it, not fleeing away out of it; never growing weary of well-doing, never growing cynical or misanthropic: but, while recognizing all the evil and sin which was in man, continuing to hope for him, to work for him, and to believe in him."

The Sunday School.

"Unity" Sunday School Lessons.—Series VI.

Published by "Unity," Room 57, 75 Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

THEODORE PARKER,

AND THE LIBERAL MOVEMENT IN AMERICA.

BY R. ANDREW GRIFFIN.

(The references are mainly to Frothingham's "Life of Parker," under the abbreviation "Life;" and to Parker's "Discourse of Religion," Putnams' edition, under the abbreviation "D. o. R.")

Lesson III.

THE STUDENT.

It was a long way from Parker, the farmer's boy, to Parker, the Harvard graduate. He built his own road; he is one of the best examples of a *self-made* man. Though few youths if they were as ambitious and hard-working, could hope to equal his success; for he had the advantage of immense physical vigor,[1] and an extraordinary memory. The passion for learning grows as the passion for wealth, in proportion as we accumulate with facility.

1. Early Disadvantages.

Little schooling. He bought his first book by gathering berries, and selling them in Boston. He worked all day, and studied at meal-times and at night.

At seventeen he began to teach in the district schools of the neighborhood, hiring a man to work on the farm while he was away. He did this until he was twenty-one, although his father sometimes protested; but he knew how ill he could be spared, and was bent on being independent.

He was faithful to the duties of early citizenship, joining the militia; was as "active, prompt and efficient" as in study or work. He always had "many irons in the fire," and kept them all hot.

One night (1830) he came home after the family had retired, went softly to his father's bedside, and said, "Father, I entered Harvard College to-day." The reply was, "Why, Theodore, you know I cannot support you there." But the son had anticipated this objection,—he intended to work and study on as heretofore,—keeping up with his class at home.[2]

2. Two years at Watertown.

The preceding year had been spent as an assistant teacher in Boston. At Watertown (1832) he opened a private school; was his own porter; sawed, split, and brought up the wood for the stove, and kept the room in order. Every Saturday he used to walk to Cambridge and to Charlestown for instruction in Hebrew. See the vast amount of reading he did. (*Life*, p. 39.)

3. Two Friendships.

Here he made the acquaintance of the Unitarian minister, (*a*) *Convers Francis*, "whose influence was felt on his whole future." "He was one of those rare men whom too few appreciate; a liberal scholar, learned without pedantry; open to the light from every quarter; * * * the newest criticisms and speculations were on his table and in his mind. He was absolutely free from dogmatism, * * * a natural eclectic, * * * a happy, cordial, genial mind. * * * Mr. Parker incurred an immense debt to this high-minded scholar, who had an answer to his questions, and an inex-

haustible patience in listening." (*Life*, p. 34.) He became interested in the Sunday School,—served as superintendent,—conducted a class, writing for his scholars a history of the Jews.

(*b*) *He found his wife*, who was one of the Sunday School teachers. Thus sunshine entered the scholar's heart,—the world seemed new created, as it always does to really noble love. As he wrote, "I love my books the more, my school the more, mankind the more, and even, I believe, my God the more for loving you."

4. At the Divinity School.

Read the description (*Life*, p. 42) of his appearance. His ruddy face, long, thick hair, the frank smile, the scholar gleaming out of the countryman.

(*a*) *He soon impressed every one with his avidity for learning.* It was prophesied he would become a great man,—in the sense of a great book-worm. Indeed he was this already. The *Life*, p. 47, says, "He drank deeper or lighter draughts of Italian, Portuguese, Spanish, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Icelandic, Modern Greek, Chaldee, Arabic, Persian, Coptic, Ethiopic, Russian."

Besides languages, his reading extended into the most difficult and remote fields of literature. Yet withal he was an original thinker; he never became the slave of his books, but developed and enriched his own powers by means of them: and was amassing this enormous intellectual fortune that he might thereby serve mankind.

(*b*) *He also impressed every one with the buoyancy and rugged sportiveness of his temperament.* Playful, satirical, joyous in the intervals of study. A strong debater, flashing with wit and humor. Capable too of a practical joke, which, like everything he did, was practical in another sense. See the story of Dr. Bartol, *Life*, p. 45. The students in the opposite room, fluting or singing while he was studying,—"presently there was a peculiar movement in the entry. * * On opening the door to ascertain the nature of these strange sounds, there was Theodore, who had left his folio of the Latin Fathers; had rushed into the cellar and brought up a wood-horse, saw and log of wood, on which he was exercising his vigorous sinews, see-saw, see-saw, to our utter discomfiture and amusement."

(*c*) *The third great note of his character was his devoutness.* Read the rules which he laid down for himself. See his contentment and thankfulness, though poverty was always beside him, so that he once tried to board himself for half a dollar a week on dry bread. Note his faithfulness to all duties, his prayerfulness, his sincerity. How absurd and ignorant the notion that all heresy begins in secret debility of the moral sense, and loss of spiritual fervor! The best Liberals in the old fellowship are driven into ecclesiastical exile, because they are too religious to seem to endorse the corruptions of religion. But when will Christians see that the heresy of good men has to do only with externals, with matters of debate, never with the essential truths of the mind or the valid dispositions of the heart? Real infidelity can stay at home by any ecclesiastical hearth,—the infidelity which doubts the value of Truth for its own sake, or the imperial majesty of simple goodness,—can accept any dogma however erroneous, or ritual however absurd, and use both for selfish or sectarian ends. Parker's college days were passed on the verge of the controversial epoch. He little thought his life could be the storm-centre of New England agitation. He anticipated the commotion, but remained studious, meditative, watchful in the calm atmosphere of paternal, devout, scholarly and dignified "Low Church Unitarianism."

Themes for Conversation.

1. *On the value of physical vigor to the student.* How many works are the monuments of the invalidism of their authors! How much poetry has the hectic of disease! Byron in one direction, Cowper in another. Few such cases as Channing, where the mind and heart seemed in relation to the body as the kite and the string. You remember about the stranger who expected to see him a giant in form.

2. *Personal independence.* It was dearly bought,—it involved an amount of exertion which doubtless shortened his days; but the clergy needed that lesson of his life, as much as any lesson of his lips. The regeneration of the Church is hindered more by the dependence of the clergy on material good, than by any other cause. With the independence of things temporal, of Paul, Xavier, or Parker, the churches would be shaken to their centre with the new form of the Gospel; for some cannot imbibe it through dread of poverty, and others cannot preach it for the same reason.

3. *His excessive application* at this period permanently ruined his health. Temperance is so imperious a law, that we cannot infringe it in the holiest cause with impunity.

THE INFANT-CLASS TEACHER.

MISS K. S. HAMLIN.

A teacher of *advanced* classes, either in the day school or in the Sunday School, may be successful from an intellectual point of view, and yet have no special fondness for the young people under her care. She may be filled with enthusiasm for her subject, and arouse a corresponding enthusiasm in the minds of her pupils. But the very first requisite, indeed, the chief requisite, that a teacher of *little* children must possess is a *real love for children* as such. It must not be a forced love, but an innate one which flows out spontaneously. As we grow older we are supposed to gain wisdom, but we often dull the edge of those keen perceptions which are the special property of children. It is surprising, as has been often remarked, to note how very little children will draw toward, or shrink from, certain persons. It is not unusual to meet a man or woman who says, "I never have any trouble to get the children to come to me." How often have we seen the good country farmer with his wagon loaded with children! They flock about him like bees about a newly blossomed clover-patch. They know intuitively that he is their friend. So the children in the Sunday School must feel that the teacher is their friend.

Next to a love for children it is essential for a teacher's success that she should *understand the child-mind.* By this I do not mean that she must understand the peculiar mental capacity of each of her scholars, although such knowledge would aid her greatly in her work. In a large class, however, it would be almost impossible for her to gain that knowledge. But she must appreciate the tender years of the little ones, and let herself down mentally—and I often think that in doing that she raises herself spiritually—to their level and lead them on. She will fail, if she remains on her comparatively advanced ground and attempts to draw them to her. She must go to them and lead them step by step. If she gives them lessons to learn, they must be lessons of practical interest to them. They must not be such lessons as she, in her superior wisdom, thinks they *ought* to be able to understand; rather, they must be such lessons as they *are* able to understand. I do not wish to imply that the lesson should

be such that the children see at once, and for themselves, all that it contains. I believe it is better that it should be one capable of being unfolded by the tact and inspiration of the teacher into meaning much more than at first appears to the child. In listening to a text we like to feel that the minister is to evolve from it, in the sermon which is to follow, new meanings; and it is with pleasure that we realize, as he advances in his discourse, that the single thought, which formerly the words of his text contained, has reached forth and linked itself with a multitude of others, of which we had never before dreamed in that connection. The preacher presented them to us so clearly that they seemed only to have slipped into their natural places. As he elaborated his text before us, children of a larger growth, so can the teacher elaborate the simple lesson as she talks of it to the children. The words of the lesson will suggest to her many things. If words occur which are not found in the average child's vocabulary, the teacher will not fail, of course, to see that the children shall understand the full meaning of all such words. I often like to take the words at random and ask my scholars what they mean, and it has not unfrequently happened that the best thought of the whole lesson has been suggested to me in some of their definitions. Then the replies are often very amusing. The words "feeble ones" occurring in my lesson one day, I read the line and then asked, "Children, what does this mean? Who are the feeble ones?" Up went several hands, and I told the little boy, whose hand was up first and highest of all, that he might tell me. It happened that there was considerable excitement in the town on account of small pox, and this child, having evidently heard a good deal about it, replied to my question, "Well, now, them that's got the small pox." Surely he had not a false idea of the meaning of the words. When sure that the words are understood by the child, then it is easy to explain the sense of the lesson by illustrations that will come readily to one's mind; and the simpler these can be made the better they will remember them. Do not take some illustration far away, but find one near at home.

Beside the love for the child which the teacher must cherish, and the comprehension of his mental capacity which she must possess, she must also *appreciate the child-nature.* She must be able to enter heartily into the joys and sorrows of childhood; to understand the spirit which prompts to kindness, and that which seeks expression in unkindness. There must be a *real* sympathy with them—not an affected one; children will detect the mask, and they will distrust whoever may wear it. We must love the dolls, the kittens, the tea-sets, the guns, the drums, the skates and the sleds, in which the children delight. And vanity need not be encouraged if a pleasant word is said when the new cloak or coat is shown and called attention to by the little ones. Lastly, I would say that the child must be *respected.* Some one of old said: "Children, honor your parents." I sometimes wish that in these days some voice, which should command obedience, might be heard saying, "Parents and teachers, honor your children."

Cheap Books for the S. S. Library.—In one of our Sunday Schools about one hundred of the real books of the English language were recently added to the library at an expense of about $20. New books. Large books. They were of the "Seaside Library," "Franklin Square Library," "Humboldt Library" and "Standard Library" kind,—of course, very carefully selected from the long lists; the *best* of the novels, histories, biographies, etc. To stiffen them for wear and tear, they were first provided with a spinal column,—a little trough of tin, one-third inch deep, one-tenth inch wide, and 2 inches shorter than the books themselves, (made by the tin-man for one cent each.) This fitted tightly over the back, leaving an inch at each end untinned. Then a heavy cardboard cover, cut to size, was put over the whole, the front edges being doubled and pasted down to prevent curling; two wire staples, one in each end-inch close to the tin, finished the binding,—all done quickly by three or four of the teachers. Result: the older children and the mothers began to use the library more than ever. No patent applied for.

Unity Services and Songs, Part II.—Mr. Blake is hard at work upon his second Part, containing six more Services and some twenty songs. It will probably be ready in March. A sensitive critic writes: "I did not like it (Part I.) very well in looking it over,—it did not seem to me young enough; but my S. S. Superintendent tells me they have come to like the 'Unity Services' very much." Something like that could doubtless be said by more than one. We suspect no Service Book yet published has done so much to enrich the worship of the Liberal Sunday Schools as this. May Part II. be better yet, and do still more! The two Parts bound together (twelve services, fifty songs) would furnish material for long use.

The Class in American Citizenship.—A good example catches. Another Sunday afternoon class for the study of American Citizenship. Mr. Hale's church had it first; now Mr. Powers' church at Manchester, N. H.. has it; who next? At Manchester they take the subject up historically, using Johnson's little History of American Politics as text-book; the leader talks upon the chosen topic of the day, then conversation on it follows.

The Sunday School Teacher's Institute in Boston seems to grow in interest. The outcome, it is hoped, will be a regular Training School for S. S. Teachers. Such a Normal School would be the very best cradle for the Liberal church. Thank you for the reports, Brother Horton; shell the nuts for us Westerners and give us all the meats.

Easter Service.—A new Easter Service, prepared by Samuel Longfellow, will be published in March by the Western Unitarian S. S. Society. The society can furnish also the Easter Services prepared by J. V. Blake and Brooke Herford in previous Springs.

In Hoc Signo Vinces.—"When you drop into a Sunday School and see all the heads in a class bent over toward the teacher, you may infer that the heads in that class are put together to some purpose."

A Chalk Talk—also good for those who don't use blackboards. A Sunday school superintendent in Kentucky recently found the following sentiment chalked on his blackboard:

"Plees Mr. SuperinTenent don'T FiRe oFF STories evrY Sunday at Us boys wiTh an AwFul Exampul of a bAD Boy in eAch oF TheM.

GIV US A REST!
GIV IT TO THE GIRLS!
O SLOW!"